

THOMAS COUNTY CAL.

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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

So bitter was the cold! Upon the sand
The waves were beating, and the wind
Impelled by each retreating wave, gave forth
A harsher sound, than when soft breezes blow
Across the main.

Within the harbor deep,
A vessel lay, safe moored; yet mast and spar,
And heavy sail, encumbered with with snow;
And as she dipped her prow beneath each
Wave.

It came forth with a beard of glitt'ring ice.
The vessel's name was that of old
Spring's
Soft breath, and mossy clump and shaded
dell.

And all that speaks of earth's awakening,
But none of these were here, but only cold,
And winter's biting frost and chilling blast.

Within the cabin sat a wondrous group
Of men and women and of maidens fair;
And in the midst, a man of rosy red men,
A countenance took they all, and then went forth,
Beneath the cold gray of a northern sky,
A home to make them, where in peace and
Love.

Where none should them molest nor make
afraid,
As conscience bade them, they might worship
God.

But little rocked they of the musing woe;
From out the vision of their coming days,
The tint of roses faded swift away;
A black pall fell and clouded all their skies
With gathering gloom.

And 'cross their cheerless threshold forced
his way,
Even grim Death; and with his sickle keen
He reaped a dreadful harvest. On their
hearth

The waning daylight quavered fitfully
For lack of one to rouse it. On the hill
Beside the sounding sea, the graves grew
thick.

The man of rosy red men and silver locks,
The maiden, with her tresses, light with gold;
Strong men and mothers, too, lay buried here,
Where wind and wave, storm gusts and wolf's
gruff howl

Their requiems were.
But all this passed at length.
Then came the music of the bluebird's song,
And glittering pearls dripped from the bud-
ding bough;

Fort through the mold, peeped the arbutus
sweet;
The shy deer bounded forth the murky wood;
The gleam of fish in swelling waters away;
White-birds in the grove and tangled copse,
The quail and partridge lurked, with cowering
young.

Abundant food was in the wood and sea,
While sunshine gave them warmth and bade them
live.

The morning sea took on a cheerful tone,
The rippling brooks in pleasant cadence sang,
And all was joyous.

And so the blissful summer passed away,
And autumn, with its red and purple tints,
When, lo! the harvest had, with generous
hand,

Responded to the glow of nature's touch,
With ripened grain, the sumptuous fields were
glad,
And copious wealth and plenty crowned the
land.

Then came to each sad men and women, too:
"Hath not our gracious Father ever said,
'I never will you leave, nor you forsake?'
And hath He not full well His promise kept?
Come, then, and let us render unto Him
The grateful homage from His children due."

And so in costume now so quaint and queer,
With peak-crowned hat and belt with buckle
bright,
And fustian gown, and cap of somber hue,
They gathered all together.

Praises to Heaven they sang, and grateful
prayers
Arose to Him who blest as well as scourged,
Then came the feast; venison from out the
wood,

The mottled grouse, black ducks shot at the
pool,
The garden's treasures, cranberries from the
mound,

The food at sea and shore most freely gave,
Crowded the festive board.
Chased care and sorrow fast and far away,
Far back across the dreary waste of pain.

Their faded footstep plainly they discerned,
But saw that through the clouds they deemed
so black

The gleaming star of hope had never paled,
And well they pondered o'er the lesson true
That heaven's guidance rules our destiny;
For trials deep and woes unspeakable
Fall not beyond our Heavenly Father's eye;
His sympathy so great, so wonderful,
Encompasses us all, and he who feels
By all forsaken, desolate, forlorn,
May yet discover, and in the darkness drear,
Some cause for thankfulness.

—Boston Globe.

BARTY'S TURKEY.

What Became of Aunt Doxy's
Letter of Remonstrance.

"What do you wish, Barty O'Flanigan?"

Miss Sarah Wilhelmina Appleby put
her head out at the window and spoke
rather impatiently.

Barty O'Flanigan was a small boy
with a big basket and a bigger voice,
while his brogue was something won-
derful to hear.

"It's the fine fat turkey the mis-
tress is after promisin' me fur me
Thanksgivin' I'm wantin'," replied
Barty. "Shure, didn't I ketch her could
horse as was after runnin' away, an'
hold him till the arrums iv me was
broke intirely? An' sez the mistress to
me, sez she, 'Barty,' sez she, 'come up
an' take your pick iv me fine fat tur-
keys fur your 'Thanksgivin' dinner,'
sez she. An' it's here I am, Miss, be
the same token."

Miss Sarah Wilhelmina remembered
her aunt's promise. "But Tim has
gone to the station," she said. "You'll
have to come again when he can catch
one for you."

"An' why couldn't I ketch it mes-
elf, an' me mother waitin' to pluck
the feathers off it, an' the misthress
sayin' I could have me pick?" queried
Barty insinuatingly.

"I don't know whether you could
catch one, Barty; you're so small,"
said Sarah Wilhelmina doubtfully.

"The legs ov me is long," said Barty,
displaying them with pride, "an' I can
ketch anythin' at all, so me mother
sez—barrin' the mayles."

Now Sarah Wilhelmina was in a
hurry, for she was going away to spend
Thanksgivin'; and Martha Washington
was down collar and Maney had gone
on an errand.

"I know Aunt Doxy wouldn't wish
him to be disappointed," she said to
herself; and then she added aloud:
"Oh, well, Barty; you may catch one if
you can; all the turkeys are out in the
field"; and with that Sarah Wilhel-
mina rushed off to her train, while
Barty betook himself to the field where
the doomed Thanksgiving turkeys were
enjoying the frosty November air.

Two hours afterward Miss Eudoxia
Appleby, the mistress of Pine Hill
Farm, reached home with her small
niece, Rebecca Ellen, and her nephew
Thaddeus.

"I'm almost sorry I let Sarah Wilhel-
mina go," said Aunt Doxy, sadly.
"I'm afraid we shall have a very lonely
Thanksgivin'."

As they usually had very jolly
Thanksgivings at Pine Hill Farm,
Becky and Thaddy grew sad also, and
Becky, looking wistfully out of the

window at a little house at the foot of
the hill, said:

"Better 'vite the people at the cot-
tage; then 't wouldn't be lonesome."

Aunt Doxy spoke severely, almost
sharply. "Becky," she said, "those
people in the cottage are not such as I
approve of, and neither of you child-
ren must even go near the fence."

Nobody in Cessbrook knew just what
to think of the "cottage people," as
Aunt Doxy called them. They had
taken the little house in the early
spring and had added peaks and
gables and little piazzas to it, and had
painted it in red and olive and yellow,
until Aunt Doxy declared it a dreadful
sight to see.

And she didn't like the looks of the
people any better. They were fantastic
finery and appeared as if they were al-
ways going to a fancy-dress ball. The
man who took care of their horse and
cow had been seen in a Roman toga.

The lady of the house fed the chickens
in a Mother Hubbard dress of sea-green
organdie, with a poke bonnet on her
head and a ridiculous dove perched on
her shoulder. And the children—a boy
and girl of about the same ages as
Thaddy and Becky—looked like a little
grandfather and grandmother who had
just stepped out of some old picture-
frame—or so Aunt Doxy thought. She
even contemplated building a very high
fence between the two gardens, lest
Becky and Thaddy should take an in-
terest in the small antique-looking per-
sons who lived in the queer cottage.

Of course they took an interest in
them, and many stolen glances besides;
they soon found out in some way that
the children at the cottage were named
Rupert and Marguerite, and that they
were kind and pleasant playmates.

But in the midst of the children's
horrible assertion to Aunt Doxy, that
they didn't believe Rupert and Mar-
guerite were very bad children after
all, there came a revelation that almost
took the good lady's breath away.

Emancipation, or Maney, was the
very black daughter of the equally
black Martha Washington, whom Miss
Eudoxia had imported from the South
for household "helps" soon after the
war. And Maney now burst, almost
breathless, into the room, with the cry:
"O, Miss Doxy! de Princess gone!"

"Gone? She hasn't flown over the
cottage fence, has she?" exclaimed
Aunt Doxy, in great consternation.

"Wus'n dat," declared Martha
Washington, bustling in after her
daughter. "Wus'n dat, Miss Doxy! She
been pulled frow de fence!"

Aunt Doxy was fond of pets and had
a great many, but her heart was es-
pecially set upon her pea-fowls—
"Prince and Princess Charming." The
Prince was a great, splendidly-
shaped peacock, with a magnificent
display of tail-feathers; the Princess
was of a dull color, and had no tail-
feathers to spread. She was chiefly
remarkable for a very discordant
voice. But Aunt Doxy seemed fonder
of her than of the Prince. Perhaps it
was because everybody disparaged her.

"Pulled through the fence? Why,
what do you mean?" she cried.

Martha Washington's fat and jolly
face was gloomy with prophecy.

"Yo' knows, for a fac," Miss Doxy,
she said, "how 'tractive dem peacocks
has always b'en to de fam'ly
down dar," and she pointed a fat, dis-
approving finger at the cottage, for
Martha Washington shared her mis-
tress' prejudices. "De gemman his-
self sit on de fence in de brillin'
sun, a takin' of dem off wiv his pencil,
an' de little gal say her mammy
done want a fan made out ob de
Prince's tail. And see yar, Miss Doxy."

Martha Washington solemnly drew
from her pocket a brownish-draw
feather—"I done fin' dis stickin' in de
cottage fence whar de pore bird was
pulled frow." And Martha Washing-
ton spread out both her fat hands, as if
to emphasize her proof of the "cottage
people's" guilt.

Aunt Doxy was overcome. "O my
poor Princess!" she said. "What could
they want it for?"

"Why, to eat, Miss Doxy, o' course,"
declared Martha Washington. "Dat
sort o' s'picious folks allays get de
cursest 'tings to eat. Dey took Prin-
cess for deir 'Thanksgivin' dinner."

"What ignorant, barbarous people
they must be—to eat a peacock!" said
Aunt Doxy. "I certainly must write
a letter of remonstrance, and see what
excuse they can offer for so unchristian
an act."

Aunt Doxy was considered by her
fellow-workers in church and Sunday-
school as having an especial gift for
dealing with transgressors. So she
seated herself at her desk, and pro-
ceeded to the task of bringing her sin-
ful neighbors to a sense of their great
wickedness. She did not hesitate to
show them plainly the wrong of which
they had been guilty, and she did not
even deem it fitting that, as was often
the case with her, justice should be
tempered with mercy. Aunt Doxy
sadly feared that her objectionable
neighbors were hardened offenders,
whose hearts could not be easily
touched.

"Here, Thaddy," she said, as she
folded her note, "you may carry this
to the cottage; come back just as soon
as you have delivered it—do you
hear?"

And Thaddy, overjoyed at this op-
portunity to enter forbidden ground
and have even a few moments of
Rupert's society, replied: "Yes, m.,
with suspicious docility, and ran off
like a flash.

"I hopes nuffin 'll happen to dat
boy," muttered Martha Washington
gloomily, as she went about her
Thanksgiving preparations. She evi-
dently believed there were no limits to
the enormities of which the cottage
people were capable.

Half an hour passed by, and then
Becky said, looking enviously toward
the cottage, with her nose flattened
against the window-pane: "I wonder
why Thaddy doesn't come back?"

Aunt Doxy looked up in great alarm.
"Haden't he come back?" she asked.
How could she have forgotten him?
But surely they could not be wicked
enough to harm a child.

Tim was dispatched in great haste in
search of the missing boy. He found
him in the grove behind the cottage,
playing with Rupert. Thaddy was sit-
ting and ashamed under Aunt Doxy's
reproof. Rupert had coaxed him to
play, and he had played. That was all
he would say, except the expression of

his opinion that "Rupert was a good
boy, and was going to have a donkey
with long ears." It was evident that,
in spite of the melancholy fate of the
poor Princess, Thaddy had a great
longing for the society at the cottage.

Miss Doxy sat up late, expecting a
message of some sort from her neigh-
bors, but none came. Poor Prince
Charming was uttering doleful and dis-
cordant cries for the lost partner of his
joys and sorrows.

"Oh, how truly thankful I could be
to-morrow," thought Aunt Doxy, "if
those people had only gone back to
town!"

But when she arose in the morning,
a bright and jolly Thanksgiving sun
was peeping above the gables of the
little red, olive and yellow cottage, and
an ample Thanksgiving smoke was
pouring out of its chimney.

Aunt Doxy seated herself at the
breakfast table sad at heart. The chil-
dren said little, and the poor peacock
recommended his wailing. Suddenly
there came a violent knocking at the
back door. "The answer to my let-
ter," thought Aunt Doxy.

But it wasn't. For the next moment
there burst into the room a stout Irish-
woman with a big basket, dragging in
a shame-faced boy—Mrs. O'Flanigan
and Barty!

From the basket arose a voice—
muffled and hoarse, but still familiar,
and sounding like sweet music to Aunt
Doxy's ear.

"O Miss Appleby, mum," said Mrs.
O'Flanigan, "it's kilt intirely I am,
mum, wid shame, an' the hairt iv me
is broke, so it is, that I've 'd' see the
day when me own boy—an' his fathyar
as sinible a man as an'iver sthepped in
two shoes—wudn't know the difference
between a turkey—an' a peacock. Shure,
he sez yerself was away an' the young
laddy guv him lave to pick out a tur-
key for himself, and he tuk this wan,
so he did, for a fine large turkey, and
him a-thyrin' to wring the neck ov it
when I hears the quare voice ov er
the craythur."

And sez I to Barty, sez I: 'Come along
up to Miss Appleby's wid me,' sez I.
'an' it isn't hangin' ye'll get,' sez I.
'it's in the cowl jail ye'll spind yer
Thanksgivin' Day,' sez I, 'fur mur-
therin' ov her pore baste ov a peacock
—an' ye wud have murdered her but
for me,' sez I."

Barty looked as dejected as anything
so small could well look, but he lifted
up his gruff little voice courageously.

"Shure I niver knew that a cray-
thur could be a peacock widout a tail
at all, at all," he said piteously, "an'
seen 'it wudn't manin' any harm I
was, an' the hairt ov me quite broke
intirely, an' me mither's—an' we not
havin' anythin' barrin' praties for our
Thanksgivin' dinner, shure ye moit
lave me off, Miss Appleby, mum—an'
shure I'll niver come where I hear the
voice ov a peacock agin'."

Aunt Doxy was so happy to have her
dear Princess restored that she could
blame no one. "Never mind, Barty,"
you needn't feel badly," she said.
"You shall have the turkey I promised
you; a fine fat one, and all ready for
the oven. —But, oh, dear," she ex-
claimed, "if I only hadn't written that
letter!"

Barty's woe-begone look gave place
to a beam of happiness; but as he and
his mother went off with a fine turkey
in the big basket he still protested that
"shure it was not a right baste at all,
at all, that pertinded to be a peacock
an' had n't no ligint tail-feathers."

Aunt Doxy was still bemoaning her
sad mistake when Martha Washington,
who felt that perhaps she was some-
what to blame in the matter, came in
with a letter.

"Oh, dear, is it the answer?" said
Aunt Doxy.

"Reckon not, Miss Doxy, it done
come frow de post-offis," replied Mar-
tha Washington, scanning it closely.
"Pears like it might be from Miss
Sarah Wilhelmina."

"Oh! oh!" cried Aunt Doxy, as she
read the letter, "what do you suppose
Sarah Wilhelmina says? She says that
Mrs. Gracey knows the people in the
cottage very well, and that she con-
gratulates me on having such deligh-
ful neighbors. They are Mr. A.,
the celebrated artist, and his family;
and Mrs. A.—is the daughter of my
old minister, Dr. Forristall, who is
going to spend Thanksgiving with
him!"

Aunt Doxy dropped the letter in
her lap. "Oh, that letter, that dread-
ful letter!" she said. "What must they
think of me?"

But now Thaddy looked up suddenly
from a thoughtful consideration of the
yellow kitten's eyes.

"Are you sorry you wrote it, Aunt
Doxy; true as you live, and never do
so again?" he asked, solemnly, "and
would you be a little easy on a fellow
if—if if an accident had happened to
that letter?"

"Why, Thaddens, what do you mean?
Tell me instantly," cried Aunt Doxy.

"Well," confessed Thaddy, "you see,
before I rang the bell at the cottage
Rupert asked me to play with him, and
we went out to the grove back of the
house, and he was making a kazoo on
a comb and wanted a piece of paper,
and so I pulled that letter out of my
pocket, without thinking what it was
and tore it up and I'm awful sorry,
but—"

"Thaddy, it was very, very wrong
of you to be so careless and disobe-
dient," said Aunt Doxy; "but this time
I do believe it was an interposition of
Providence."

And soon another letter was dis-
patched to the cottage, and Aunt Doxy
followed it with an invitation to din-
ner. And Mr. A. and Mrs. A.,
and Rupert and Marguerite all came
up from the cottage, and so did Dr.
Forristall. And so it came to pass that
they had a jolly Thanksgiving at Pine
Hill Farm after all. And Barty O'Flan-
igan had his turkey, too. —*Sophie
Sweet, in St. Nicholas.*

—New Orleans papers entertain the
fear that that city is losing its supre-
macy as a cotton market.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

A Deadly Disease Which Can Be Prevented
without Much Trouble.

Fowl cholera destroys every year of
poultry. The greater part of this sum
is a direct offering to the idol of filth.
While cholera is one of the most deadly
of all chicken diseases, it is one of the
easiest to prevent, and "in prevention
lies the cure." The deadly nature of
the disease has attracted the attention
of scientists and its features have been
carefully studied.

Much is now positively known of it,
and the causes that lead to its intro-
duction, and the preventives are plain
and simple. There can be no doubt
that the germs of this disease are gener-
ated by filth. It can be carried from
place to place by sick fowls, birds,
rabbits or insects. Where it finds a
flock of hens weakened by filthy sur-
roundings, impure food, or the ravages
of lice, it is far more apt to fasten it-
self. The germs of the disease are
taken into the system through the
mouth. These germs are contained in
the excrement, the muscles, and the
animal juices of the body. The vital-
ity of the germs is not destroyed for
thirty-six hours after death, and coops,
or other places where sick fowls are
confined, convey the disease at least a
week. The virus is destroyed by a so-
lution of carbolic acid, by sulphuric
acid, or by a very high temperature
maintained for twenty minutes. These
fact have been demonstrated by ex-
periment, and they point to the only
reliable treatment for the disease—the
germs must be destroyed about all
places where the fowls could possibly
eat or drink.

The symptoms of the disease have
been described time and again, yet
there are still hundreds of farmers who
do not know the plague when it comes.
When it is in the neighborhood extra
precaution will of course be taken.
Most of the hens on farms run at large
and can not be watched as carefully as
they should be. I believe it would be
money in the pocket of every farmer
to keep the hens in yards. When chol-
era is near and the hens begin to get
sleepy and dull and to mope about, it
is time to begin active operations.
There are many characteristic sym-
ptoms that can not escape the eye of a
close observer. The gait of the fowl
becomes unsteady, the comb changes in
color and the bird appears stupid.
There is always a diarrhea, the excre-
ment being yellowish at first, changing
to a greenish color. This coloration is
due to the urates which are contained
in the excrement from the kidneys.
The birds are generally thirsty, though
this is by no means a fixed symptom.
Should there be any doubt as to the
disease, an examination of a dead bird
will soon settle the matter. The liver
is always greatly enlarged and very
soft. It is of a dark-green color and full
of blood. The intestines are inflamed
and the crop is full of sour food.

When the existence of cholera be-
comes certain not an hour should be
lost in treatment. It is not simply the
question of losing the whole flock; the
disease germs are found all through the
birds; it can not be that the eggs are
free from the disease; surely the meat
of the chicken is not, and it is not
pleasant to think of taking these dis-
eased germs as food.

The surest way to check the disease
when it once obtains a foothold in the
flock is to kill the affected hens and
bury them with quick lime; or, better
still, burn or boil them. The dis-
eased can sometimes be removed, when taken
in its earliest stages; but there is no
"sure cure" for it, as it appears upon
the average farm. I have known
chickens to be relieved by a strong dose
of pepper and a warm nest by the fire;
but where the disease has firmly estab-
lished itself ordinary remedies will do
no good, and the treatment is a risky
business. The papers are full of so-
called "cures," and many of them will
do good if the disease is in a mild form
and the medicine is administered at the
very first symptoms. With the badly
diseased birds out of the way, those
that appear well should be removed, if
possible, from their old quarters and
given a new run. A few drops of
carbolic acid in a quart of water mixed
with their feed, or alum water, or com-
mon baking soda and water, used for
the same purpose, will generally bring
them through. They must be watched,
however, and every sick fowl instantly
removed. With absolutely clean sur-
roundings and the proper use of disin-
fectants the disease germs can be kept
at bay.

The meaning of the word "clean"
seems to differ with different persons;
what is "clean enough for hens" to
one man is a mass of filth to another.
Where hens are confined to yards (and
they should be when profit is desired),
the ground should be spaded frequently
and the drinking vessels washed on
every other day. Most grain food is
best fed on the ground, where the hens
may scratch and exercise themselves in
eating it. A disinfectant consisting of
one ounce of sulphuric acid to one gal-
lon of water, sprinkled and sprayed
about the yard, house and roosts at in-
tervals will prove more valuable than
the treatment of sick birds. The man
who makes poultry-keeping a business
will be sure to attend to these matters,
for they represent the quantity and
quality of his bread and butter. The
great trouble with the ordinary farmer
is that he does not consider the hens of
enough importance to warrant him in
spending time upon them. What can
we do to win for the hens the social
recognition that they deserve?—*Rural
New Yorker.*

—The best success in lamb-raising
depends upon certain conditions which
can not be ignored, and should be care-
fully considered, says a writer. There
are, first, the choice of breeders;
second, the time at which the lambs
should be dropped; third, the quarters
in which they are to be kept; fourth,
the food that is to be supplied, and,
fifth, care and regularity in feeding.—
N. Y. Times.

—Cookies: Two cups of sugar, one
cup butter worked into the sugar, one
cup of milk, two eggs, caraway seeds,
small teaspoonful saleratus, flour suf-
ficient to roll.—*The Household.*

A GERMAN FAIR.

What an American Farmer Saw at a Semi-
Annual Fair in Germany—Observations
on Fire-Insurance.

It seems that from time almost
immemorial certain cities, centrally
located, have permitted at
stated times, generally twice a
year, dealers from all parts of
the country to assemble and display
their wares for sale; agents from man-
ufactories of all kinds, and representa-
tives from large establishments in
other cities, have their stalls; to accom-
modate these people, the city allow
booths to be put up in all the "market
squares"—the large spaces that always
surround the fascinating old "doms"
and "Kathhauses." The night before
the opening of the fair, the place is
busy with workmen putting up con-
tinuous sheds, leaving barely room for
vehicles to cross. There is not the
slightest attempt at taste or beauty in
these, they being merely water-tight
roofs, leaving all possible space for
display of wares. In the part given
up to crockery and wooden ware,
needing no protection, one sees the
pavement piled closely with every con-
ceivable utensil, piles of plates, heaps
of cups, long rows of soup tureens,
pitchers, coffee pots, etc., or huge tubs
on three stout legs of suitable height
for washing, these being the only
substitute for stationary tubs that I
have seen. Then there are pairs of all
sorts and sizes, chairs, and such wares.
The only cover here, is a sort of gypsy
tent, where, at night, the vendors steal
a few hours' sleep. Under the covered
booths are "dry goods," hardware,
luxuries, hailing from big and little
towns with names, to my unaccus-
tomed senses, odd as well as unknown,
but certainly presenting tempting in-
ducements to purchasers. To these
booths throng in the country people
for miles around, eager to pick up bar-
gains or supply their six months' needs.
To my surprise, the regular shop-keepers
not only do not rebel at these opera-
tions, but in many cases take ad-
vantage of the fair to supply their own
stocks. As I looked at these crowds
and brisk circulation of money, I
thought that as the plan has worked
as well here for so many years, we
might advantageously imitate it. There
would be the strongest inducement for
merchants and manufacturers to send
their agents, and the fair organization
would be sure of drawing people, and
realizing a handsome income.

During the time of the fair here,
twelve days, the hostilities and places
of amusement drive a roaring trade.
Certain localities are given up to the
country people's accommodation; their
big farm-wagons almost fill up the
streets, and I notice here a peculiarity
of country hotel that I see nowhere
else. A hotel is named after some
thriving village within reaching dis-
tance, and probably conducted by a
citizen of that town; here the people of
that place put up; the house is three or
four hundred years old, generally. A
huge passage-way, leading to a laby-
rinth of stables and outbuildings, goes
directly through the building. In
fact, it is the door to the hotel.
Side staircases lead to the
quaint old rooms overhead, and here
is a busy scene indeed at all hours, day
and night. A group of very "horsey"
men are looking at a farmer showing
off his horses, for sale, driving one af-
ter another before their critical eyes,
then back through the passage-way to
give place for another. Then will drive
up a farm wagon, often without springs,
and out will pour two or three gener-
ations "coming to the fair." Or a stylish
horse will rattle up with a country
"buck" and his jolly companions, here
very seldom, if ever, escorted, any
young damsel. All is life, bustle, ex-
citement, healthy enjoyment and pros-
perity. At night these hotels, during
fair time, give balls where I do not
considerable gross enjoyment occurs,
for I am told a hotel-keeper, from two
such balls, gets enough profit to pay
his year's rent.

A very picturesque scene is an old
German city at such a festival as this
fair; the open squares ablaze with light
from the booths, the streets densely
packed with an eager, good-natured
crowd, noisy with the crying of wares
and chaffing roisterers. To this is
added the indescribable charm of a city
with houses three hundred years old,
placed in streets where crooked ways
live one to desperation if in a hurry,
or delight you if you desire to wander,
wondering where you will finally wind
up. I am keeping in bounds when I
say there is not a hundred feet of
straight street in this old city, and as it
never had the misfortune to be burned,
either by accident or conqueror, you
come every few rods on houses
all covered with carving, texts
of scripture, religious or fantastic
sculpture, and the citizens value fully
its unique interest. The houses are
kept in perfect repair, while such is the
precaution against fire that the rate of
insurance here is twenty-five cents on
one thousand dollars! Think of that,
towers in wooden houses, paying
from one dollar on the one hundred
dollars upward! I see all the under-
writers in America holding up their
hands with delight at the way the solid
burghers here act after a fire. I saw
on one of the "s